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An emanation of the Eternal Mind,
A glorious attribute, a noble part
Of uncreated being. Who could find,
By diligent searching—who can find out thee,
The Incomprehensible, the Deity?

The human mind is a reflection caught
From thee, a trembling shadow of thy ray.
Thy glory beams around us, but the thought
That heavenward wings its daring flight away. Returns to where its flight was first begun, Blinded and dark beneath the noonday sun

The soul of man, though sighing after thee. Hath never known thee, saving as it knows The stars of heaven, whose glorious light we sec.
The sun, whose radiance dazzles as it glows—
Something that is beyond us, and above
The reach of human power, though not of human love.

Vainly philosophy may strive to teach The secret of thy being. Its faint ray Misguides our steps. Beyond the utmos of its untiring wing the eternal day Of truth is shining on the longing eye, Distant, unchanged, changeless, pure and high.

And yet thou hast not left thyself without
A revelation. All we feel and see
Within us and around forbids to doubt,
Yet speaks so darkly and mysteriously
Of what we are and shall be evermore,
We doubt and yet believe, and tremble and

adore.

E. H. Goss, in Harper's Magazine for May. LOVE'S AWAKENING.

"You understand about the medicine and beverages?"
"Yes," softly assented the new nurse. She had laid aside her widow's bon-net and veil. In her plain black dress, serviceably unadorned, she looked very

slim and young.

Though her hands were so soft and white, they looked capable. Mrs. Rameaux might be inexperienced—she owned as much herself—but she would assuredly learn quickly, and intelligent-ly; and her sympathy would never be at

This much the young doctor's professional intuitions told him as he saw her softly bend over her first cot in the extemporised fever hospital. Then he passed on. She might be a young woman and a

beautiful one. The atmosphere of the countryside around had been such these many weeks that a man, watching as he did, day and night, by the bedsides of the dying and the dead, could have his drift and tenure of mind scarcely such that facts like these would bear in upon it with any element of the exciting. It had been an awful visitation. Had

week after week, the fever raged, knowing no abatement. Those who could flee, leaving all, did so. flee, leaving all, did so.

Among those who stayed fresh victims were marked and dropped with every new sun. A great pall, an awestruck fear, had fallen over the community. The spectre of Death among them, walking their streets, sitting down, a familiar

been? It was so still. Day after day,

guest at their very board, had given to all these blighted faces a serious expres-When her friends, terrified at the spread of the epidemic, had asked her why she delayed leaving with them, Mrs. Rameaux had let fall some words which acted among them with the effect

of an explosive. "I shall not go at all. I shall stay." "Many hands will be needed-and I may be of use. It is what I have want-

She might have said it was what she had prayed for-the chance of devoting herself, of practically renouncing the world, of leading a consecrated life It had been her one wish since he husband had died-she scarcely at the time more than a child. All seemed to have died, too.

Her friends said she was morbid. Mrs. Rameaux only smiled gently Her smile in those days was sadder than

"She will get over it said the friends next. So young, so lovely, how could it be otherwise? This giving up, as it were, of all her future; this monastic simplicity of dress; this visiting of the poor and the sick, and dedicating of all her days to the cutting-out of charity children's clothes—this was a phase; it must pass; the reaction would come. There was a mingling of the sarcastic and the impatient in these assevera tions. The impatience predominated

To prate of charity and the love of one's fellow-man, is a thing permissible in good society—provided it be not car-ried too far. But to have one's intimates suddenly proceed to put such theories into effect is a grievance to be looked upon as personally offensive. But Mrs. Rameaux's unconsciousness REMEMBER, here you can find the Largest and Finest and serenity under this half or wholly

expressed opposition were singularly unwavering. If this was a "fad," she failed to tire of it as quickly as flesh and blood usualdispose of such. When this last astounding announce

nent came, the Rameaux acquaintance had an air of dismissing the matter as "Lucy always was queer," said one

"Not always," retorted a masculine organ more dubiously. "That is, she was always rather high-strung. But—well, having been married to Rameaux might be enough to—" Then the speaker be-thought himself and stopped. Meanwhile, the new nurse gently,

with soft footfall, passed on in her self-chosen work. The weeks dragged by, still the fever raged. She had held the hand of those writhing in sightless delirium of pain and moistened the lips of the dying.

The strain had told on her. The fine oval of her face had grown more trans-parent. About the full brown of her eyes the blue circles had hollowed. She was bending now over the pillow of a young girl who had been hovering on the shadowy brink for days. To-

night the crisis had been reached. The girl was of a singularly nervous and sensitive temperament, and through all her ravings Mrs.Rameaux's low tone and magnetic touch had had a strangely soothing, controlling effect upon her Her dependence on both, her need of her voluntary nurse, came to constitute on the latter one of those claims by which all rich natures are held in bond age to some weaker one. As she leaned over the girl and noted

that the eyes were closed and the chest lifted regularly by the inspirations of a sound and normal sleep, she realized that the crisis was passed and the life saved, Mrs. Rameaux suddenly gave way, and burying her face in her hands, burst into noiseless sobs. "Mrs. Rameaux!"

She started up breathless, coloring with anger at herself. "I-don't think me very weak. I don't know what is the matter with Dr. May's sudden presence, the keen

look of his grey eyes, were not to be "But I know what the matter is," he said. "You are worn out. You have been doing too much. Will you take some rest? If you do not we shall have He spoke with an almost abrupt au-

"How can I rest? They need me." She looked from the bed in front of her through the open door to a vista of white cots beyond. The faint light of the night-lamp flickered over her black dress, and the white sweetness of her rision of the fair face that had been

face, upon which indignation at her | with him through all his delirium came, own most unwonted emotional weakness had already dried the tears. "They do not need as much of you as

you have been giving this girl," retorted Dr. May pointing to the bed. "It is wrong You lavish yourself. You can't expect to hold out at this rate." She dropped her eyes, abashed. The onventional barriers were annulled between them. They were workers amid the dread realities of life and death. They stood together in an atmosphere where there could be no resentment at

the directness of his speech. "Lizzie depends on me so," she murnured in extenuation. "And-I have been sorry for her." After the words were uttered she would have given much to recall them. Lizzie's history-connected with a man-

wholly unworthy-was common property.

There were elements in it that brought back Mrs. Rameaux's own tragic exper-She shrank-with a sensitive flushing of all her face—from any allusion that might seem to bear upon that chapter of her life in which all her youth had

been bruised and trodden upon.

What else could she do with a life in which the dreams of perfect love and faith had been shattered, shivering, with brutal thrust to the ground, but dedicate it to the unpersonal service of humanity, wherever it had known misery and suffering like unto hers? The purity, the renunciation of her aim would throw a sanctification over that dark, brief period, from which the sinned against had seemed to issue with some of the blight of the sinning upon her shrinking soul.

May God give him rest! Mrs. Rameaux had only an awed sense of pity before the memory of her husband

As Lizzie approached convalescence, the fever, by a sudden impetus, seemed to reach a fearful culmination. In ten days the deaths aggregated an average greater than that of weeks previously. Rest? There was no rest for doctors or nurses now. They walked, day and night, in the valley of the shadow.

Then, as suddenly, and by a freak as inexplicable, the cases abated. The

power and fury of the disease had spent themselves. There was as though a Mrs. Rameaux had stepped one night to the door. The wind was soft and humid, and there was a vague stirring of spring in the air.

Ragged tatters of dark streak-like clouds swept the faint disc of the moon; and above the watcher's head the bare

trees clashed together with a rasping of dry branches. Mrs. Rameaux closed her eyes and drew a long breath.

When she looked up Dr. May was coming through the lighted hall towards

He was pale, and she noticed at one drawn look about his eyes that she had never seen before. He stopped near her. "Will you rest now?" he said. may. The worst is over. And-Lizzie

He smiled, and the faint color came into Mrs. Rameaux's cheek. "You have more need to rest than L" she said. "You look ill." "Do I?" He still lingered opposite her. He did not seem to attach any importance to her words. The breath of the night wind brushed softly in between them.

He put his hand abruptly into the pocket of his inner coat. The object ne drew out was very small and dark. "I saw these to-day, driving through the woods. They are wonderfully early comers for our cold clime. You may like them as a pledge that spring is up on us, and with it, I trust, hope. His voice had dropped very low as he spoke. Mrs. Rameaux held out her and, and in it he laid two frail wild violets. She caught them, with a rapid, sensitive motion, to her face. "Oh, I like them-I like them! Thank

And then she turned and left him. Dr. May got into his buggy and drove lowly away.

There was a strange tumult in his

reins. It was as though he could feel the throb of the spring in all this hushed awakening nature. His path led him by way of the woods again. Through the naked interlacing boughs above him the moonlight, white and watery, filtered in ghostly gleams. Faint-intangible perfumes of stirring seed-life haunted the air. He seemed o breathe the very soui of the night. A desperate joy that life was still his to feel, to enjoy, seized him. Nature, long suppressed by the chill charnelouse atmosphere of death, asserted itself with a mighty rebound. He sudden-

ly drew his horse with a sharp tightenng of the muscles. There was a reason for this throb and rush of blood through his arteries. And he had found it in the phantom of a woman's face, sweet and pale as a white camellia bud, and framed in black, that had risen and floated before him, lumin-

ous as a vision wrought from the beams of the moon. He found all his patients doing well. He drove back rapidly. The whole night seemed full of her presence.

He had not hoped to see her again.
But as he went in she was crossing the hall. She held some bandages in

from her delicate wrists and the waxen In her dress he saw the two wood-vioets. A silver bar of moonlight crept in through the high curtainless window and seemed to imprison her as she turn-ed towards him with a half smile. The fever in his veins burned more iercely. Never had there been such s night as this! They two were alone on

hands and her sleeves were drawn up

he face of the earth. With his eyes on hers, drawing nearer to her, he spoke at once.
"I love you," he said—"I love you. know it now to the full. You are the one woman, and we were meant one for the other.'

White to the lips, she started from "You are ill! Raving! You don't know what you are saying!" He caught her by the hand with a ierce gesture. "Do not speak in that way. What I say is as life and death to me. She drew herself up to her full height,

trembling in every limb.
"Then you should know that what

ou speak of is dead and buried for me!

A gulf separates me from any such experience again on this earth? The sunlight this morning had forced itself through the curtains with a particular triumphant insistance. It lay, a slanting column of golden rays, athwart the floor, and the motes danced in the luminous radiance with a giddy mo

A convalescent's idle gaze, but half emerged from the land of visions, and wholly incurious, might watch the eddying whirl passively a long time; then, slipping from the sunrays to the counter might wonder vaguely at the emaciation of the hands lying thereon. Slowly, from this unfamiliar appearance of the familiar, a train of languid thought, quickening as it gathers mo mentum, might start. Ah, yes; he had been very ill. Of

an almost palpable presence, brought the weak tears to his eyes. She had not wanted his love because the first love that she had given to any man had been held more lightly than the pleasures of a night's carousal, than the price of a horse. Because the man she had bestowed her young life upon had been unworthy, because this rare pearl had been cast before a brute, she had shut the springs of her nature

against the appeal of passion. Dr. May heard of the consecrated the young widow had seemed to resolve to lead. He had not believed at the time that the resolve would hold. No young woman's heart could die so completery, could sleep so profound a sleep until the end. And now— He turned his face to the wall.

A slight sound roused him. Mrs. Rameaux came in softly. She was pale as the white band about her throat. Pale? As she met the broad, clear gaze of the haggard eyes, in which full intelligence had only returned to mingle with a nameless pain, the color swept, mounted, deepened, with a suffusing rush, over neck, brow and

She took another step forward. Her lip quivered. One despairing effort she made to master the emotion, then, like a tall, slender sapling that is felled to the ground, dropped suddenly on her knees, and, as once before, buried har face against the border of the cot. It was deathly still in the room a long interval, except for her sobs. Then he touched her bent head.

She looked up, crying at the sight of his face. "Oh, I have hurt you! I have agitated you! How ill you look!" swer. "You make me live!" She dared not speak or move, holding his hand in both of hers.

Then when the spasm had passed: "Is it true, dear?" Again the beautiful color came sweeping over neck and brow.
"Oh, I never thought to love—I never thought to open my heart in this way again!" she cried with a sobbing appeal.
"It is all so strange! Just when I thought my life-work had been traced out for ever! But when you fell ill—when you took the fever—the very last one of all—"

awakening has come, love?"

She had buried her face against his "I am weak-to love you," she whis But for all answer he drew her close.

"You have suffered," he said simply.
"But, please God, I shall atone." Worthy of Cultivation

The high-bush blueberry, writes a correspondent of the Boston Journal, is another of the wild fruits that can be introduced into our gardens to advantage. Although supposed to grow only in cold, wet swamps, it is found on trial to grow and bear well in the garden. providing it be set where it will be partially protected from the hot noonday a condition approaching that stage sun, and the ground be well mulched which demanded a lowering of the fire with leaves or some other cooling sub-stance. This plant will not grow well out in an open space, even though the land be well cultivated. The sun burns the fruit and destroys it. The bushes should be set near enough together to completely shade the ground, or they must be set the north side of a board fence, or in the shade of trees; but wher ever set it is a great protection to keep the ground well mulched, much better than to cultivate the ground. In the selection of bushes to set care should be taken to get good varieties, as there is a great choice in the flavor as well as size. When it is found difficult to get good varieties, take those that can be with the most ease and graft them with the best that can be obtained; it is as easy to graft the buckleberry as it is the apple. The time will no doubt come when nurserymen will keep choice varieties of blueberry bushes; certainly the time is not far distant when it will be demanded of them. There appears to be but one serious enemy to the blu berry, which is the birds; they seem to understand the difference between wild and cultivated fruit, and will always give the preference to those that grow in the garden, not even being willing to wait until the fruit is ripe, but will eat it as soon as the fruit begins to turn red. The remedy is to cover with netting, and the same can be used that has been used to protect the strawberry bed. The bushes bear so abundantly that it is very easy to cover all that a family would need. By growing these berries the family not only have the fruit so near home that they can enjoy the luxury of eating them from the bushes, but they can have them fresh and well-ripene for a much longer season than they can be found in the market. When well protected they will some seasons keep in good condition on the bushes until October. A fruit that is so valuable as this should receive more attention. It should not only be more generally culti-vated, but efforts should be made to improve it from the seed. No doubt this could be done if the same efforts were

made that have been made to improve the strawberry, grape, and other fruits.

Superstition of Fishermen. My father, an officer in the British service, was an enthusiastic amateur sea fisherman. He it was who taught me to catch mackerel, with a trout rod and fly, or rather with a white or grey feather tipped with scarlet and made in the form of a fish—not a fly. The good old gentleman was genial and garrulous, and nothing delighted him more than to converse with the rough but honest fishermen of the coast. On one occasion on the east shore of Fifeshire, Scotland-near Pittenweem, I think-a group of fishermen were seated on the beach lazily mending their nets, at a distance of fifty yards or so from a boat that had been drawn up above high water-mark. Two or three pigs were rooting for mussels at some further distance off. Happening to point to the animals and make some remarks respecting those swine, my respected progenitor was astonished to see every man leap to his feet and with horror depicted on his face run at utmost speed and place his finger on a nail or ring bolt or thole pin or other piece of iron of the boat, to break the evil spell. At the same time my amazed parent was warned never again to utter the word swine on the sea-coast. If he should have occasion to mention the malign animals at all he was to call them beasties. Subsequent inquiry only elicit a confused statement that the devil enters into swine (not beasties), causing them to run down a steep place into the sea and spoil the fishing. American Angler.

Oil from pine woods is now manufactured on a considerable scale at the south. The material is subjected to intense heat in seal retorts, and one cord of it is said to yield fifteen gallons of turpentine, eighty gallons of pine wood oil, fifty bushels of charcoal, 150 gallons of good vinegar, and a quantity of in-flammable gas and asphaltum.

Elijah Lane, of Keene, N. H., enjoys the distinction of being the tallest man course it came back now. And that in New Hampshire. He stands 6 feet 8 which had occurred before the illness— inches high, and says he is "one of the inches high, and says he is "one of the

AN OLD-TIME SUGAR CAMP. s About the Kettle of Bolling Sap-

In the olden days the sugar-making

season was a gala time, and one looked

forward to with joyful expectancy by by both young and old, although it meant weeks of the hardest drudgery to all. The sugar camp, says the New York Sun, was the place of love-making and of all kinds of backwoods fun. Then, more than under the present system, it was frequently necessary when the sap was running free to boil all night. The grove, lighted up by blazing fires, and peopled with manyflitting forms of merry girls and lusty farm lads, presented a picturesque scene. On such occasions the country fiddler, who seemed to be a natural product of every settlement, added by his presence the charm that only a fiddle in he backwoods can bring to its social gatherings. Every moment that could be snatched from attention to tree and kettle was spent in hilarious devotion to dances, whose rude yet graceful fig-ures have long since been forgotten, except in the more isolated country regions. It was very important to keep close watch on the sugary caldron, for the sap was liable to boil over, and some one must stand ready with hickory paddle to prevent the threatened overflow by violent and persistent agi-tation of the boiling mass. Who made the discovery, or exactly what potent charm there was in the substance, are things which no one seems to know to-day, but a chunk of fat pork was the greatest, and, in fact, the only soother of an angry and determined kettle of boiling sap that the old-fashioned sugar-makers had at command. Sometimes, in spite of the most violent and incessant stirring of sap inclined to rise to and run over the rim of its kettle, the watcher was unable to stay the inclination with the paddle. Then the potency of the fat-pork charm was invoked. There were always pieces of pork cut in sizes suitable for use lying within reach of the watcher, and in an emergency such as referred to above a piece or two was thrown into the seething mass. The contact was almost instantly fol-lowed by the trouble being allayed. The fast-rising bubbles would break "Hush, hush! Are you sorry the

and lose their energy, and the desired condition of the boiling process soon be resumed. Proper stirring of the sap was of great importance in those crude sugarmaking days. It would not do to leave the sap long without stirring, for there was constant danger of its scorching and certainty of becoming too thick. The work of stirring a kettle was fatiguing, and necessitated frequent relief of watchers. Another important feature of the camp was the testing. This responsible duty was always placed in charge of some one of long experience in sugar-making, generally a woman. She went from kettle to kettle, carrying and judged by its action whether it had reached the "graining" stage, or

the sugar run into well-greased shallow tins, cups, bowls, and dishes of all sizes and patterns.

The Language of the Cane. To tap it on the pavement at every step means: "Object is no money —I am trying to wear out the ferule. To poke a person in the ribs with it— who is standing up on a chair three rows ahead of the pokist at a slugging match insinuates: "Down in front. To hurriedly slip it down the pantaloons-leg and walk along with it cealed therein evidences that it has previously been feloniously "magnetzed" from some hall-rack and the

To point it at a rare old painting in a picture gallery indicates that the check boy was asleep when the visitor came through the entry door. To carry the upper end in the over-coat pocket, with the bottom part sticking straight up in front, signifies that the nickel plate has worn off from its bogus leaden head, and the same would blacken the dudelet's tan-colored giove

rightful owner is approaching.

if held in his hand. To carelessly but gracefully drop it denotes the exhibaration of too much high-priced fine wine aboard: while to awkwardly get it tangled up among the legs and plump the bearer forward on his nasal abutment sadly goes to prove a wholesale consumption of common five-cent red, red liquor. To pedestrianize on a crowded side-

elbows and across the back-with ends projecting beyond each arm-intimates that there is plenty of room out in the middle of the street for other people who don't care to be swiped off into the gutter in passing.

To hold it in the center, with the handled portion downward, is attended by the effeminate "mover" to demonstrate this: "Aw, this stick is weally so pawsitively top-'eavy, aw, that I-nevah

aving been used to manual labah, aw, find it a widiculously weighty burden, To present it, nicely engraved, to a trusted clerk on New Year's day as a recognition of "long and faithful ' conveys the sorrowful fact to the t. c. that ve employer's act is an economical "stave-off" against his hire-

ling's hoped-for raise in salary. - Detroit Free Press.

A Diamond Clasp. How the history of the world repeats itself! A shocking story has been whis-pered in my ear about a scene after a jolly dinner given to some of the smartest young women in town. Wild hilarity existed, and a small room at Delmonico's could furnish a tale that might easily tarnish the fair reputations of several society leaders. Stockings, cham-pagne, and bank-notes form a foundaupon which to rear almost any kind of monument to pleasure and im prudence. A similar outcoming to a private feast happened not so many years ago, and likewise at Delmonico's. Two women, one of whom has since become the wife of a British peer, the other a girl whose name suggests gentle zephyrs, even if her size refutes any possibility of her being "wafted away sport," dined right merrily with several intimates, friends of the other sex. Revelry waxed high. All topics were sed; the faces, fortunes, pres of their friends, male, and, female, were made subjects of comment, when one bold man, not wishing these two women to be surpassed, offered a prize of a diamond garter-clasp to which ever of their guests had the smallest leg. A convenient portiere afforded a screen to all the body save the lower ently two pairs of neat ankles and feet were the source of a variety of opinions, and ballots were cast by anxious voters. The peeress won, for her sister and she are both famous for their beautiful hands and feet, so a diamond clasp was added to the jewels already by the lucky owner of a good leg for a boot. - Town Topics.

At a drum tap 9,000,000 soldiers could take arms in Europe.

Dolcoath is the name by which the oldest and deepest tin mine in the world is known. It is situated at Cambrons. in the west of Cornwall. In the early part of the present century it was noted for its enormous production of copper ore, the sales of this mineral having amounted to about £5,000,000. It now produces tin only. In the interval be-tween copper and tin, about the years 1853-55, a period in the sinking the two minerals were so blended that they could not be separated so as to make them marketable, the whole mine could have been purchased for £3,000. The market value of the same to-day is £470,000 (4.700 shares at £100 each); so that each sum of £50 invested in itthirty years ago is now worth £7,000, and receives dividends every twelve weeks amounting to about £500 a year! The produce for some two or three years, past has been forty to lifty tons of tin per week, obtained chiefly from only one of the eight or ten lodes in the mine. About 1,400 hands are employed, representing, perhaps, a thousand fami-lies; but within the last month a dis-

only largely increase the profits—now over £100 per day—but will at once-furnish employment for nearly a hun-dred additional workers, and before long some hundreds of families will be supported by work done on this newly opened lode of tin. The value of the discovery is greatly, enhanced by the fact that it has been made at a depth of nearly half a mile below the surface, by a cross cut from old workings at the very bottom of the mine, and the new lode is as rich as the old-so that any piece of ground measuring only eight yards square (cubic-yards) contains more than £5,000 worth of tin, and, so far as can be judged, this marvelous deposit of mineral will be absolutely inexhaustible for genera-

covery has been made which will not

tions yet to come. These metalliferous lodes, or veins, run from east to west, and may be traced for one or two miles. The discovery is in the eastern part of the mine. Two other shafts to the westward are being sunk, and in the course of about two years, if the work is pressed on, they both may be expected to reach the depth at which this most extraordinary deposit of mineral is found, and so lay open further immense.

stores of tin. In the adjoining property, still a little oundary, is yet another shaft, which has actually struck the run of tinground which yields the Dolcoath

She Paid Too Much.

Late on an evening a man about 40 years of age stood upon the Globe bridge, at Woonsocket, with his wife beside him, threatening to commit suicide by jumping into the Blackstone river if she did not give him 25 cents. The wife pleaded and begged, saying she needed the money to purchase food with, and he would only drink should she give it to hin. He placed his hand on the railing to the oridge and again shouted to his better half to give him the money or over he would go. She implored the crowd of people who had gathered near to save im, but no one interfered. A voice from the crowd sang out: 'Let him but still she clung to him. Finalshe released her hold, and, putting her hand in his pocket, brought forth a silver quarter and placed it in his hand. He seized it eagerly, and started on a lively run for a saloon near by, while the poor woman started for her home to offer a prayer for him whose life she though she had saved for 25 cents.-

Providence Journal relegraph Operators.

There evidently is one kind of business for which women seem to be well fitted, judging from the number engaged in it, and that, says the N. Y. World, is telegraphy. Strolling about the city and dropping into almost any telegraph office from Harlem to the Battery there may be seen the female operator, and, as a general thing, she will be seen to be young and pretty and wide-awake to her business. She will sometimes have about her a number of subordinates of the opposite sex in the form of callow youths and messenger boys, over whom she queens it with a right royal will and an air of authority that is charming to behold. Generally these young women are very pleasant and obliging; only occasionally will one come across a terror, whose very look will freeze him to the marrow. However, they all seem to give satisfaction to their employers and to attend well to their work, and appear to be rapidly monopolizing the telegraphic by single property to the west. graphic business. Far out on the western plains, wherever there is a road sta-tion. almost invariably the traveler walk with a run through the akimboed sees a pretty lace or muslin curtain at the window, a bird cage hanging up aloft, and some flowering plants on the narrow sill, or a vine trained up over the red door (these stations all along the line of the road are painted a dull, dark red), and other signs of the feminine presence, and if he looks out as the train stops he will be nearly sure to see a bright, neatly-dressed, white-aproned young women come to the door and stand gazing out at the train, and watching the passengers with a half-pleased, half-sorry air. This is the local telegraph operator, who has taken up her lonely life out here on the alkali desert amid the sage-brush, and whose only glimpse of the world she has left behind her is this brief acquaintance with the trains which pass and repass two or three times during the day. These are true types, all of them, of our brave American girl, whose courage is

equal to any emergency. Wise Words About Women. Without hearts there is no home.-

How much the wife is dearer than the oride. - Lyttleton. We can have many wives, but only one mother. — Abd-cl-Kader. Be ever gentle with the children God has given you. - Elihu Burritt. It destroys one's nerves to be amiable

every day to the same human being .-A wise man in his household should find a wife gentle and courteous or no wife at all. - Euripides.

Women must have their wills while they live, because they make none when they die.—Douglas Jerrold.

Nothing flatters a man so much as the nappiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. - Johnson. A curtain lecture is worth all the sernons in the world for teaching the

Don't be afraid of wild boys and girls; they often grow up to be the very best men and women. Wildness is not viciousness. -Herbert Spencer. In family government let this be al-ways remembered—that no reproof or

lenunciation is so potent as the silent in-

fluence of a good example. - Hosea Bailou.

virtue of patience and long suffering .-

At the minstrels: Bones-Mr. Montrose can you tell me why a dude with a gumdrop Derby hat is like George Wash-Mr. Bones, that your question will come within the range of my intellectual powers on this auspicious occasion. Why is a dude with a gumdrop Derby like George Washington? Bones-Because he's got his little hat yet!-Rambler